Dorms S1E1: “The ID, Part I”

Created by James Coyle and Jake Henry

Written by James Coyle

Shy theater and film student, Eric, and his eccentric roommate, Josh, start documenting their lives as freshman college students. To win back over the Octa-delts, Josh promises he can get them alcohol, and enlists the help of Eric.

Starring:

James Coyle as Josh

Jake Henry as Eric

Ryan Bouchard as Miles

Margot Robbie - Ruby

A Crossdressing Jon Hamm - Emy

Will Letheby? - Johnny

Possible Actors: Will Letheby, Garrett Sullivan, Sofie Henry, Alex Macneil, JK Simmons, Luke Barrett, Tebbe, Cillian Murphy, John Hamm

OPENING ZOOM IN OF THE DISTANT SUNRISE THROUGH A WINDOW, SETTING AND EMPHASIZING THE TIME OF DAY. SUDDENLY, THERE ARE VARIOUS WAKING UP DAD-LIKE NOISES OFF SCREEN. ZOOM OUT TO A BED, JOSH IS ROLLING AROUND, WAKING UP. JOSH IS FINALLY REVEALED OUT OF THE BLANKETS, AND IS STRETCHING WHEN HE IS SURPRISED BY THE CAMERA.

JOSH: DUDE! DUDE, WHAT… WHAT THE SHIT. WHAT IS THIS?

ERIC: You-you said we could start today?

JOSH:YEAH, GOD, ITS FUCKIN'... *checks phone … 6… 6 AM, ERIC! MOST DADS DON'T EVEN WAKE UP THIS EARLY!*

ERIC: Isn't your dad dead?

JOSH: … *Jim Face* (funniest shit of all time)

NEXT SCENE (CUTAWAY INTERVIEW) AUDIO IS LAYERED OVER THIS JIM FACE FOR A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE CUTTING TO THE INTERVIEW

JOSH: … What do you want me to say?

ERIC: *Behind the camera.* -Dude. This is the easiest part.

JOSH: … What am I doing again?

ERIC: You're just introducing yourself.

JOSH: I look horrible. I got bedhead.

ERIC: You never comb your hair anyway.

JOSH: But it's never this bad!

ERIC: Well… I wouldn't say that-

JOSH: … You just lost your star.

ERIC: You're not the star.

JOSH: Oh really? So, you're the star? You?

ERIC: There IS no star.

JOSH: Yeah, you're right, 'cause I'm going back to sleep.

ERIC: YOU SAID IF I DID YOUR LAUNDRY!-

JOSH: IT WAS ONE LOAD.

ERIC: WE AGREED, ONE LOAD, YOU HELP-

JOSH: I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D FOLLOW THROUGH!

ERIC: WELL I AM.

JOSH: IT'S 6. 6 AM-

Cut. Back to the interview. Josh is seated on the couch with an ice pack to his head, looking comically angry behind the camera.

JOSH: That was uncalled for.

Cut. Still Josh interviews.

JOSH: … I'm Josh. I'm… in between majors right now… *Makes an annoyed expression at Eric and rolls his eyes before continuing.* I'm from Waterhills. I know, I know. Small town, but *points to himself* big personality.

Most of this line, a camera films a yearbook being turned to Josh's graduating class photo, revealing he graduated with 7 peers.

Cut to ERIC and Miles interview

ERIC: I'm Eric. I'm here from Chicago. I'm a theater major… I know- I know college is expensive and everyone's like, *uncomfy laughter* you know, you know, why're you paying all that money for a shitty degree? You know? But my parents are- they're super supportive. Super.

MILES (relaxed, on phone, positioned like he's socializing on it): Your dad threatens to pull you out like every other week.

ERIC: Nononono, not really.

MILES: Are you sure? He showed up to your dorm outta nowhere last week…

ERIC: Well, yeah, all right-

MILES: RA's like, three floors away were reporting a "domestic dispute."

ERIC: Well, no, you see-

MILES: Police got called after they heard crying…

ERIC: Well, c'mon, that's ridiculous, it was a normal, healthy father-son disagreement *Back and forth hand motions* no way 911 was-

MILES: They thought a little girl was dying.

Cut to Josh in the dorm, stirring mac and cheese. He slides it across his desk to his other hand, off screen, where, judging by his reaction and quick reach off screen, the mac and cheese fell off the other side. Josh spends an awkward moment alone in silence before ERIC comes in.

ERIC: Hey.

JOSH: *Josh exaggerates a long head nod still facing away from Eric to acknowledge his "hey."*

ERIC: *Focused on as the camera zooms slightly in on him. He's visibly upset and staring at the back of Josh's head.*

Cut to the duo walking outside.

ERIC: I wanna talk about something…

JOSH: God, what? I know that tone. You're sad or something.

ERIC: ..What?

JOSH: Nah, nah, you and my mom both sound the exact same. She always likes *Sad Eric Impression* I wanna, Something, Something, and gets all sad about some shit. I mean, I barely got to know dad, what're you bringing him up with me for?.. Y'know?

ERIC: Listen- *acknowledges Josh* She's your mom!

JOSH: What is it?

ERIC: I wanted to talk to you about… how you never say hi back.

JOSH: … huh?

ERIC: You never say hi back to me. Ever.

JOSH: *disgusted impression* … fuuuuck you.

ERIC: You never-

JOSH: Fuck-

ERIC: You never-

JOSH: Go fuck yourself.

ERIC: It's rude! And.. impolite!

Quick cut to the duo at their table in the cafeteria, eating.

JOSH: I'm not talkin' to you like a chick.

ERIC: Oh, that's not it.

JOSH: Oh? Oh? Really? What? You want a bro to bro trauma dump? Learning all about big feelings in the art department?

ERIC: The fuck- you're a COMMS major. You had a 2.4 last semest-

JOSH: *Panic* NOT IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA.

JOSH: *Gathers himself and faces the camera* Comms is temporary. I'm thinking about film and political science.

ERIC: Yesterday it was nuclear engineering.

JOSH: You're studying to play pretend professionally.

AWKWARD SILENCE

ERIC: You suck with people.

JOSH: *Arrogant laughing.*

ERIC: You SUCK at talking to people!

JOSH: I talk to people all the time! I know everyone!

ERIC: No, everyone knows you! Cause you're crazy!

JOSH: I'm controversial.

ERIC: You're hated!

JOSH: I'm notable.

ERIC: You're banned from like, three sororities.

JOSH: Not the hot ones.

ERIC: We only got three! We only got three, and you somehow managed to get us blacklisted from every single one in a month.

JOSH: Oh, Emy's, like, in love with me, it'll be fine.

ERIC: No, she's not.

JOSH: She's into me.

ERIC: … You grabbed the bottle before it stopped spinning and tried to make out with her-

JOSH: I got the wrong vibe.

ERIC: They weren't even playing spin the bottle.

JOSH: What else could that bottle have been for? Girls shouldn't leave an empty bottle next to them at a party. What else was I supposed to think? Have you ever even SEEN a coming of age movie?

ERIC: It was YOUR bottle.

JOSH: … I was fucked up.

ERIC: It was pepsi.

JOSH: … She was just embarrassed.

ERIC: She cried.

JOSH: Girls are emotional.

ERIC: She yelled for Johnny instantly…

JOSH: Well yeah, it's her boyfriend…

ERIC: Of course she- wait, you knew him?

JOSH: Yeah? I told you. I know everyone.

ERIC: … And you still did that?

JOSH: They won't date forever. I was making an investment, dropping a deposit. Fella to fella, he should've understood.

ERIC: They're serious…

JOSH: Oh, sure.

ERIC: They have a promise ring!

JOSH: … He's not husband material.

ERIC: He's pre-med…

JOSH: So he’s a nerd.

ERIC: He kicked your ass…

JOSH: … It was dark.

ERIC: It was dark for him, too.

JOSH: It was a tie, and I was fine.

ERIC: You listed off excuses in between sobs…

JOSH: I was not-

ERIC: You tripped on the way out…

JOSH: It was dark.

ERIC: Whatever! You suck at talking to people. You never talk unless you're big dicking everyone around you.

JOSH: Oh, oh, sorry ERIC, sorry I’ll try and be less confident. Yeah, yeah, my bad, I’ll try to suppress my rizz.

ERIC: … rizz?

JOSH: *Annoyed expression* CharRIZZma. Good detective work.

ERIC: … What’s wrong with you?

JOSH: *Slow, dramatic delivery* I pulled in high school.

ERIC: What’s that have to do with?!- YOU GRADUATED WITH A CLASS-AH-LIKE, 4!

JOSH: TWENTY!

ERIC: NO IT WASN’T!

JOSH: FIFTEEN!

ERIC: FINE! You're NOT doing much here.

JOSH: Not my fault the girls here don't want this, and I haven't been trying, anyway; I haven't even been lookmaxing.

ERIC: …What?

JOSH: Y'know?

ERIC: No.

JOSH: You fucking virgin- okay, okay, when you're talkin' talk, you gotta be making sure you look your best. First, suck in your cheeks, and slightly… slightly, open your lips. While you're doing that, bite down on your cheeks while you open your eyes. See, you're highlighting the jaw, and making sure your eyes are lookin' nice and big while you stare right at 'em.

ERIC: … You look like a fish.

JOSH: … See, I knew you wouldn't get it. It's biology. Y'know (*runs fingers down jaw).*

ERIC: … What?

JOSH: Y'know. Big eyes.

ERIC: … What?

JOSH: Biology. Y'know. Oh shit! They're here. Okay, three loads of laundry I can get her number.

ERIC: Really?

JOSH: Yeah! Yeah, yeah. Watch.

ERIC: Whatever.

JOSH: … Are you watching?

ERIC: No, Josh.

JOSH: … Do you want to?

ERIC: I don't care.

JOSH: … Watch this.

Cut

JOSH: *Muttering to himself mewing instructions, stops in his tracks and shuts up. Camera pans focus on the table of girls. Josh's hand reaches across the lens and pulls the camera back.*

JOSH: Okay. Okay.

JOSH: *Walks comically confidently up to table, whispering "biology" x3 trailed by Camera.*

JOSH: Hey, Ruby

RUBY: Huh- *Turns in chair* God-Josh-what? Get the hell- *Acknowledges camera* You're actually doing the film shit? What's so interesting about you?

JOSH: *Mewing to a point he can't use his jaw fully.* Wanna find out?

RUBY: Are you?... Are you flexing your jaw?

JOS*H: Mews a little stronger …* No. *Turn slightly to light skin gaze at an angle.*

RUBY: Dude, I can see your- God- I don't care. Just go away. You're a creep.

JOSH: I told you I was drunk. I'm sorry. *Defensive tone*

RUBY: You- you got everyone's attention, poured out a whole coke bottle on the carpet-

JOSH: I don't-

RUBY: And-

JOSH: I really-

RUBY: Tried to stick-

JOSH: That's not how-

RUBY: Your tongue *Shudders and gags* God- you should've smelled your breath. I'm pretty sure that bottle tripped Nadine Herminshire, too.

JOSH: Okay that's not- *shakes head quickly and narrowly back and forth with a scowl* -not how I remember it.

EMY: That's exactly how it happened.

JOSH: Who asked you, Emy? You're a ginger.

EMY: You're a sex offender.

JOSH: ATTEMPTED sex offender! Our lips didn't touch! And I already apologized. I was drunk. I didn't know you had a boyfriend.

EMY: That's not what Eric said.

JOSH: Eric's a lying titbag. How can you trust him, anyway? You've been hating on him as much as me.

EMY: No, what? I haven't. Eric's fine.

JOSH: Well.. that's pathetic. Completely neutral. Worst spot to be.

EMY: Other than a predator list.

JOSH: Uh huh, gingie? Whatcha know about morals? You have no soul.

EMY: I think assault is bad.

JOSH: I do too!

EMY: I don't think you do.

JOSH: *Turns to Ruby* Look, I'm sorry. Can you please unban Eric and-

RUBY: Eric's not banned.

JOSH: We're a package deal.

RUBY: … *Suspicious, angry expression* You didn't tell him-

JOSH: No-

RUBY: … I was angry at him-

JOSH: No!

RUBY: … He hasn't talked to me inna awhile-

JOSH: You really think I'd do that?

RUBY: .. Well, whatever, no, you're banned for life, shitlip. Fuck off. And shave. You look like a hobbit.

JOSH: .... Whatever a hobbit is, they must be manly.

RUBY: You look like a hairy baby.

RUBY: You got a baby face, but it's covered in hair.

RUBY: The baby face doesn't help the height. You look 12.

JOSH: I'm taller than you!

Emy dramatically walks over to Josh to anticlimactically stand next to him for a moment, taking a small look at him with a slight turn to emphasize they are at eye level, and turns around to walk back to her seat.

JOSH: That proves nothing.

RUBY: That literally proves everything.

EMY: I heard you put 6'0" on your tinder profile.

JOSH: … All guys add shoes.

EMY: You added heels.

JOSH: YOU should steer clear of holy water.

EMY: Okay, Napoleon.

JOSH: I was a stud back home.

RUBY: Aren't you from here? From that town? With all the incest?

EMY: Oh, I get it now.

JOSH: The "incest" thing is-

During the line, cut to girls, who acknowledge the exaggerated air quotes.

JOSH: -a work in progress.

EMY: … Good to hear.

JOSH: You know, you're only funny when you're drunk.

EMY: I barely drink.

JOSH: Exactly.

RUBY: *Turns to Emy* We gotta get fakes.

JOSH: No fake?

RUBY: Are you still here? Not like you have one either.

JOSH: Damn, sucks…

EMY: No way you got one.

JOSH: I.. do.

RUBY: Really?

JOSH: … Yes, yeah… you don't?

Cut to Josh and Eric back in their room.

ERIC: You DON'T?

JOSH: … No.

ERIC: Then why the fuck did you tell them-

JOSH: I'm getting us back in with Penta… magma-delt.

ERIC: … magma? It's Octa-delt.

JOSH: It doesn't matter.

ERIC: You're stupid.

JOSH: I was top of my class.

ERIC: You graduated from the incest capital of the state.

JOSH: It's only one in five marriages! The 2020 census showed GREAT improvement.

ERIC: One in three was a low bar.

JOSH: That data was.. scuffed.

ERIC: It's the CENSUS BUREAU.

JOSH: Oh, so you just listen to everyone about everything?

ERIC: You're a dumbass.

JOSH: You're a sheep.

ERIC: You're a sex offender.

JOSH: LIPS DIDN'T… THEY DIDN'T TOUCH!

ERIC: *scoffs* I- I- I cannot believe I let you drag me down so bad. One month and being associated with you has me canceled by the Octas-

JOSH: The magmas.

ERIC: THAT ISN'T EVEN GREEK- Okay, we can still work it out. How much alcohol do they want?

JOSH: 5 handles of titos.

ERIC: … What?

JOSH: … What?

ERIC: Do you have the money?...

JOSH: Yeah.

ERIC: How much do you have?

JOSH: I dunno… *Opens wallet* Okay, seventeen in cash and… *Takes out his phone* and on… my card… twenty dollars.

ERIC: … Thirty seven bucks?

JOSH: Who said thirty- no, twenty.

ERIC: … DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH A HANDLE IS?

JOSH: Wuh?- Yeah? What? Of course. I bought beer all the time back home.

ERIC: What about LIQUOR?

JOSH: I've bought… vodka.

ERIC: Oh? But not liquor?

JOSH: .. No.

ERIC: .. Just liquor?

JOSH: Yeah.

ERIC: Liquor, not vodka?

JOSH: Mhm.

ERIC: … What's wrong with you?

JOSH: Do you know anyone with a fake?

ERIC: … YOU DON'T HAVE ANYONE TO BUY?!

JOSH: That's your job.

ERIC: My JOB?

JOSH: WELL YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING!

ERIC: I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WITH A FAKE.

JOSH: Damn it! You've fucked us.

ERIC: You're an idiot.

JOSH: You're a twink.

ERIC: You're a SEX. OFFEN-

JOSH: **LIPS. LIPS DIDN'T TOUCH. NO CASE.**.

ERIC: … How are you getting a fake this weekend?

JOSH: … What?

ERIC: Well, you're getting one?...

JOSH: Why?

ERIC: … 'CAUSE YOU NEED ONE.

JOSH: Right, right, you fucked us. Okay… how can.. How can J save the day? *Laughs softly* J save the day…

ERIC: The weekends going to roll around, and we're going to have nothing. We'll have to hide from them all weekend… or forever…

JOSH: Well… I mean… We won't… be able tuh'... hide all weekend, y'know.

ERIC: … No. No, I actually don't know Josh. What?

JOSH: Well, we're pregamming here.

ERIC: … No way they want to pregame here.

JOSH: No, but I wasn't going to buy them all this alcohol and not atleast get a few shots, y'know? What am I, a pussy?

ERIC: … They're not paying you back?

JOSH: … No?...

ERIC: You're pathetic.

JOSH: I'm getting the hoes. I've secured the first girls either of us have managed to get back here. If anyone should be paying for the drinks, it's you.

ERIC: I'm not giving you anything.

JOSH: ..WHAT?

ERIC: Who said I wanted any part of this?

JOSH: How could you NOT?!

ERIC: How could I?- Josh, you just, SOMEHOW, managed to secure us one last chance to make amends with the girls who made us out to be CREEPS the past month, and you have no ID, no money-

JOSH: Twenty dol-

ERIC: NO MONEY. No friend to buy for us. YOU fucked us.

JOSH: I'll get an ID.

ERIC: YOU GOTTA- you gotta, first, find an order, second, even if you managed to find one RIGHT NOW that thing isn't coming for WEEKS. A MONTH MAYBE? You don't even know!

JOSH: .. I didn't know that.

ERIC: You didn't think any of this through. I can't believe out of everybody on campus, I got roomed with YOU.

Josh shows his first signs of any normal human function with an obviously sad expression, hurt by that last line.

JOSH: Look. Look- I'm sorry.

ERIC: You're not sorry. You just wish I treated you like having parents that aren't cousins deserved a medal.

JOSH: Well- I mean, once you get your second cousins and on, y'know, it's- it's all the same-

ERIC: What're you?-

JOSH: What?

ERIC: … Were your parents?-

JOSH: No.

ERIC: Cousins.

JOSH: No.

ERIC: .. Third cousins?

JOSH: No!

ERIC: Fourth?

JOSH: No!

ERIC: Am I getting warmer or colder?

JOSH: *Scowls, scoffs*

Long Pause

ERIC: What ARE you?

JOSH: I'M SORRY, okay? I'm sorry I've been… getting us into… misunderstandings, okay? I'm going to fix all this. I just need you.

ERIC: *Taken aback by the uncharacteristic genuineness, but stays assertive* … Well, You're a creep, so I'm a creep. We don't have enough for even one handle, let alone the money to pay someone with an ID… and we aren't hot girls, so, YOU- need to find an ID.

Miles enters the room abruptly

MILES: I wasn't kidding about calling in a third noise complaint. Can you guys argue somewhere else?

JOSH: Fuck off, stringbean, we're talkin' girls.

MILES: Oh, Ruby? Did tripping the autistic girl with a coke bottle help your chances?

JOSH: No one saw how she fell… autistic?

MILES: Mhm, really sweet, too. It was her first time going out.

JOSH: Well, she should really have people looking out for her when she's out.

MILES: Oh, her friends yelled pretty loud when they saw the bottle flying toward her.

JOSH: Well, when you put it like that- You're making it sound like it was chucked across the room-

MILES: Fine, slid. Whatever.

JOSH: YEAH! **SLID**. Not CHUCK.

MILES: She face planted.

JOSH: It was dark.

MILES: Whatever- can y'all put a pen in the ID thing… I got a girl-

JOSH: OHHHHHH, you got a GIRL?

MILES: Yeah. So-

JOSH: In your ROOM?

MILES: … Yeah, so could you-

JOSH: -WOW!

MILES: … So could you two shut up?

ERIC: Sure, Miles.

MILES: Thanks Eric. Y'know, if you need a fake, why not just get one from Slime?

JOSH: .. Slime?

MILES: Really? You gotta know Slime; Everyone knows Slime.

JOSH: Yeah… yeah, yeah yeah yeah, I'll just go find Slime.

MILES: … Are you going out tonight, Eric?

ERIC: *Surprised* Uhm, n- maybe. Why.. are you?

MILES: Well, yeah, just going to karaoke night like everyone else, hitting Omega-Kai party after to buy off Slime. Why not? Tired?

ERIC: No, I would. I don't have a fake.

MILES: That sucks. I'll just see you at O-Kai then?

JOSH: We'll DEFINITELY be at Kai's house.

ERIC: … Maybe, yeah.

MILES: Gotcha, well, ERIC, you should really, really, YOU should pull up... To O-Kai… **Eric.**

ERIC: Thanks, Miles, maybe.

Miles exits

JOSH: We just gotta find Slime. Problem solved. Calm your tits.

ERIC: Fine. Miles saved your ass.

JOSH: I would've heard something about this "Slime" guy if I dug around myself. He just wanted to show off.

ERIC: … Why don't you like Miles?

JOSH: Bad vibes.

ERIC: Oh, c'mon.

JOSH: .. Skinny.

ERIC: Everyone likes him.

JOSH: Speak for yourself.

ERIC: What'd he ever do to you?

JOSH: I don't need a reason not to fuck with someone.

ERIC: You kinda do.

JOSH: … Skinny.

ERIC: You're skinny!

JOSH: You're skinny! Look, are you gonna go to this party with me or not?

ERIC: No!

JOSH: Why?

ERIC: I don't want to.

JOSH: Your rep rides on this too, dawg.

ERIC: Whatever, man, being with you is always going to make me look shitty. I'll take my chances.

JOSH: … I'll do your laundry.

ERIC: …

JOSH: … *Even your underwear.*

ERIC: … *And my sheets*.

JOSH: *Jesus. Fine. Yeah-*

ERIC: -For a month.

JOSH: Once.

ERIC: A semester.

JOSH: One load.

ERIC: Rest of the semester.

JOSH: Two loads.

ERIC: Rest of the semester. Whenever I want.

JOSH: One load.

ERIC: Two semesters.

JOSH: One semester.

ERIC: Deal.

JOSH: … Go fuck yourself.

Cuts to dusk. Josh and Eric are making their way to Omega-Kai.

JOSH: You figure out anything about Slime?

ERIC: Thought you said you knew him.

JOSH: … I do.

ERIC: Then why do you need me again?

JOSH: … Go fuck yourself.

ERIC: You're a pathological liar.

JOSH: Twink.

ERIC: Sex off-

JOSH: **LIPS! OUR. LIPS. THEY DIDN'T- FUCK**… Did you find anything out on Slime or not?

ERIC: I've been with you this whole time.

JOSH: … Right.

ERIC: Did you?

JOSH: ..No.

ERIC: *Sarcastically, one breath* Great. We're in great shape.

JOSH: Dude, okay? Put on your big boy detective pants, this shouldn't be that hard. Sounds like he's the biggest ID dealer on campus, and his name is SLIME. He probably sticks out in any crowd.

ERIC: … Was that a race thing?

JOSH: What? No!

ERIC: 'Cause that sounded like a race thing.

JOSH: No!

ERIC: I can't be friends with a racist sex offender, man. You gotta choose a struggle.

Cuts to the duo walking up house steps. The door opens with the sound of the party coming with it. The duo are both shocked. They are greeted by Johnny.

JOHNNY: Hey! How's it- *notices Josh* YOU GOT SOME-

JOSH: Johnny- Dude-

JOHNNY: You fucking freak-

JOSH: I WAS DRUNK! RUBE AND I ARE COOL! DON'T FIST ME! *Opens his eyes to see his fist in his face.*

JOHNNY: … God, whatever, just leave. We can't have any assault scandals at our house-

JOSH: Dude, that was like, not me, at all… homie. *Hold hands* … Dap me up… please.

JOHNNY: -Are you a cop?

JOSH: Will that get me in?

JOHNNY: What? No, it would get you kicked out.

JOSH: … We know Slime.

JOHNNY: Who?

ERIC: God-okay, Jesus, we'll leave. Let's go.

Eric takes Josh by the shoulder and turns them around. They begin walking down the steps.

ERIC: Okay, I gotta know. Are you autistic?

JOSH: *Scoffs* Of course.

ERIC: Do you know what that means?

JOSH: … Yes.

ERIC: It means being insecure about your intelligence.

JOSH: … Misheard-

ERIC: -You want some advice, Josh?

JOSH: … Sure, fine.

ERIC: Stop lying to everyone! You didn't have an ID, so you lied, roped me into it. You don't know Slime. I doubt you've done half the shit you've claimed to have done before. More importantly, dude, stop lying to yourself. Figure it out and change because you're a fucking weirdo.

Eric begins walking away.

ERIC: Don’t walk with me

Josh watches his friend walk. He makes eye contact with the camera and gathers himself.

JOSH: YOU JUST LOST YOUR STAR!

After no response, he turns back toward the party.

JOSH: *Motions to the fence* … Someone’s bound to leave soon.

Two girls abruptly open the gate. Josh is standing in an awkward spot, and plays it off that he’s supposed to hold the gate.

GIRL 1: … Did Slime say we could head over?

Josh acknowledges Slime's name. He smiles into the camera and motions for them to follow the girls.

Cuts to Josh from behind with the girls visible ahead. He’s trailing them. Camera speeds up to get face to face.

JOSH: *Turning to camera* Eric’s dumbass flaked right before the big breakthrough. We never needed him.

Josh looks surprisingly in the directions of the girls. The camera pans toward them, but they are nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, a campus security guard pulls up on him.

SECURITY GUY: Hi, we got a report about some meth-head limping after some young girls. Can I get an ID?

JOSH: Oh, you see, I couldn’t even buy meth right now. I don’t have an ID. I was actually on my way to BUY an ID.

SECURITY GUY: … Huh?

JOSH: I don’t have an ID. I can’t buy drugs or alcohol… sir.

SECURITY GUY: … Okay.. Have you had anything to drink tonight?

JOSH: Wuh- no, dude, did you even listen? I’m going to GET the I.D. right now and, in fact, I was just about to go catch up with those girls-

SECURITY GUY: -So you're the guy we got called about?

JOSH: What?- I mean, maybe. Wouldn't surprise me. People are so judgemental here. I'm just letting them lead me.

SECURITY GUY: You were following them.

JOSH: … No. They were LEADING me.

SECURITY GUY: So you knew these girls?

JOSH: … Yeah.

SECURITY GUY: *Pulls out notepad and pen without breaking eye contact* Can I put that on record?

JOSH: … We're kinda fighting right now.

SECURITY GUY: Okay- you wanna start being honest with me?

JOSH: I am!

SECURITY GUY: Tell me how you ended up here.

JOSH: Perfect, right, so, I was trying to sleep in this morning, but my roommate, Eric, he's always leeching off me, y'know I've got all the people skills, he's a weirdo, he smells too, like a grandma's basement. Are you writing this down?

Camera pans to Security Guy who, without breaking much eye contact, turns his pen upside down in his hand and starts pretending to write.

JOSH: … Thanks. Cool, so, Eric, right? Kinda got this lesbian grandma vibe about him-

SECURITY GUY: -Can we move on from Eric?

JOSH: You're so right. God, I needed to hear that, thanks. I don't know if you could tell; I was kinda venting. He sucks; so, Eric woke me up to start this theater project. I don't know, it's dumb, and so shitty of him to wake me up so early for something as dumb as this after- Okay, let

me set the scene, so.. This is sick, listen, I down an entire bottle of ALCOHOL at this party and slide the bottle across the floor and out the door, smoooooth, and ALMOST… make out with a sorority girl.

SECURITY GUY: …

JOSH: …

SECURITY GUY: … And then you ended up… here?

JOSH: No, when did I say?- This was a month ago.

SECURITY GUY: I want to hear about tonight.

JOSH: *Deep breathe* If I start tonight, you're not going to understand the story, and you're going to be asking questions, interrupting me, and then I'd snap at you, and then you wouldn't even wanna hear the story anymore-

SECURITY GUY: *Snaps* -Try me.

JOSH: God, fine, jeez. YOU asked. So, Eric and I, weird roommate, remember? Just now? I explained?-

SECURITY GUY: YES.

JOSH: Perfect, cool. Well, I guess that's enough to go on for you to hear about tonight, y'know, just for the notepad, but I want to speak for myself in court when this meth-head stalker's caught.

SECURITY GUY: Why would you speak in court?

JOSH: Well, I'm a suspect… in this.. Uh.. stalking case. I need to clear my name under oath, too, or whatever.

SECURITY GUY: ..I hope you're not pre-law

JOSH: I'm in between majors.

SECURITY GUY: … You're sober?

JOSH: God, I told you. I don't have the MEANS to get wasted.

SECURITY GUY: You didn't tell me that.

JOSH: Oh my god. You are the worst listener. I don't have a fake ID!

SECURITY GUY: Who said anything about a fake!

JOSH: ID, Fake, whatever.

SECURITY GUY: … Son, do you know what an ID is?

JOSH: Yeah.

SECURITY GUY: What is it?

JOSH: A fake ID.

SECURITY GUY: That's a fake ID.

JOSH: Yeah.

SECURITY GUY: Which you don't have?

JOSH: Mhm.

SECURITY GUY: … What about any identification?

JOSH: Like my driver's license?

SECURITY GUY: … Yeah.

JOSH: Yeah. Here.

Security Guy slowly takes Josh's license out of his hand.

SECURITY GUY: What's with the camera?

JOSH: See, this is why I need to start the story AT LEAST as early as 6 am. I mean, you'd get it even better if you'd just listen from the VERY start, from the night of that party.

SECURITY GUY: What party?

JOSH: A few weeks ago. Mag- or… Octa-Party.

SECURITY GUY: A month ago?

JOSH: Yeah.

SECURITY GUY: The party when some sicko chucked a bottle at some autistic girl.

JOSH: .. Well, I mean, I heard it was more of a slide… I heard she just had to go to the nurse, or something.

SECURITY: Son, she didn't go to the nurse.

JOSH: *Look into camera* SEE? See! I told you she was fine.

SECURITY GUY: No, she went to the ER. She broke her nose.

JOSH: … Was she okay?

SECURITY GUY: She WILL be. After two or three surgeries. I'm surprised you asked, all her information was on the donation page.

JOSH: … Oh, right. Yeah.

SECURITY GUY: … Did you not donate?

JOSH: Of course I did! Did you?

SECURITY GUY: Everyone did.

JOSH: Well, there's your answer.

SECURITY GUY: … Describe her.

JOSH: … What?

SECURITY GUY: Simple description.

JOSH: … She had.. Good skin.

SECURITY GUY: How so?

JOSH: … She had fair skin.

SECURITY GUY: She was black.

JOSH: *Fuck.*

SECURITY GUY: She came from poverty, man. Like, everyone donated! How could you?

JOSH: *Gasping, gagging, etc* Poor and Autistic *Gags*

SECURITY GUY: You were AT the party and you never asked anyone about it?

JOSH: Why would I?!

SECURITY GUY: I don't know. You'd think maybe it'd come up with a friend, you know? "Hey, any updates on the dean's scholarship recipients face?"

JOSH: *Scholarship recip*- N-No way her nose was hanging off.

SECURITY GUY: You were there!

JOSH: It was dark!

SECURITY GUY: … Come with me.

JOSH: Huh?

SECURITY GUY: Come on, funny guy. I gotta take you.

JOSH: WHA- NO, NO. MY LIFE- I'M YOUNG- SO YOUNG- YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE SO OLD!

SECURITY GUY: -SCHOOL JAIL. NOT ALCATRAZ.

JOSH: Oh. Good. Good… WAIT, WHY?

SECURITY GUY: WHY?! First of all, you tried to play some game to avoid handing me your ID-

JOSH: I TOLD YOU! I HAVEN'T SEEN SLIME YET!

SECURITY GUY: WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!-

JOSH: GOD, you don't listen, okay. Let me start over-

SECURITY GUY: -SECOND of all, I caught you stalking-

JOSH: -FOLLOWING.

SECURITY GUY: AFTER getting called about some stalker-

JOSH: I'm never going to find those girls.

SECURITY GUY: THIRD, and most importantly, you just admitted to being interested in buying a fake ID.

JOSH: Yeah, so?

SECURITY GUY: That's illegal.

JOSH: Oh, c'mon.

SECURITY GUY: It's a felony in some cases.

JOSH: Well, you're not a cop.

SECURITY GUY: I'm a CAMPUS cop.

JOSH: We aren't even on campus!

SECURITY GUY: The safety of our students is ALWAYS my concern.

JOSH: God, that was corny.

SECURITY GUY: Come with me.

JOSH: NO!

A bickering scuffle ensues. Josh tears away and makes a break for it. It's looking good for him, but he loses his footing pretty quickly and the security guy tackles him.

Cut to Camera catching up to the scuffle. The security guy is sitting on top of his back, straddling him. The audio of the scuffle starts to quiet, and a narrating Josh's monologue begins.

JOSH: I've decided, on my own, to better myself, and so I'm trying to look on the bright side of today… even though it was shit and Eric sucks.

JOSH: Having to spend the night here… and… most of today… God, what time is it? DIANE. DIANE? DEE?

DIANE: WHAT?

JOSH: WHAT TIME IS IT?

DIANE: SHADDAP.

JOSH: FUCK, DIANE, JUST GIVE ME THE TIME.

DIANE: I DUNNO.

JOSH: JUST CHECK YOUR COMPUTER DIANE. FUCK. DIANE?... DIA-

DIANE: -ONE.

Josh puts head in his hands.

JOSH: God, Eric, where are you?

We hear the clanking of footsteps and keys off screen before hearing the cell door open. Josh looks up.

Cuts to Josh being led out into the lobby of the campus police station. When Josh sees who's come to rescue him, he's shocked.

JOSH: MILES?

MILES: You're an idiot.

JOSH: Yeah, okay… thanks.

MILES: Don't thank me. SOMEONE had to get you, and Eric's too fucked up. That sort of exhausted all your options.

JOSH: Whatever, dick- wait, fucked up? How?

MILES: Vodka.

JOSH: NOT ON **WHAT**! HOW?

MILES: I dunno. He was hanging with the Octa-delts.

JOSH: … That mother-

Dorms S1E2: "The ID, Part II"

Created by James Coyle and Jake Henry

Written by James Coyle

After Josh and Eric's argument, Eric abandons Josh and heads back to the dorm. It's on this walk he's called over by a group of stoners, who decide his vibe is "just right,' dubs him "Goldilocks," and gives him a hit. Emotional and impulsive, Eric obliges, and is sent into what

his new peers call “Yodieland.” Through sparse recollection of the next hour, Eric finds himself in front of a mysterious house and follows the rest of the group in. The homeowner, Steve Shadid, takes a liking to Eric, and shows him what he’s been looking for.

After an argument outside Omega-Kai, *Dorms* takes a break from the mockumentary style to follow the rest of Eric’s night after his argument with Josh. Eric is walking back to the dorm, when a smoke circle on the corner calls him over. He reluctantly walks over, and feels threatened to hit a mysterious looking pen, which turns out to be much stronger than he thought, and somewhat psychedelic. Eric locks back into reality when the boy who called him over puts a hand on his shoulder, and tells him that he “can bring you to what you’re looking for.” Eric blinks, and finds himself walking within the group. He blinks again, and is in the middle of the group, stopped at the front door of a house. The leader knocks, and the door opens, seemingly on its own. Eric reluctantly follows the group.
Friends greet friends, but Eric is filmed from the perspective of a figure sitting deep within the room, unfocused on. He yells out to Eric to identify himself, and calls him over.

Normal shot (not part of the docu/documentary). Eric is walking back to the dorm after his fight with Josh. He’s shivering and cold. Suddenly, he hears someone call out from across the street. It’s a large smoke circle.

GROUP LEADER: Hey! HEY! Yeah, yeah, you’re who I’m talking to. You wanna hit?

ERIC: I don’t smoke.

GROUP LEADER: … You’ve never hit?

ERIC: … No.

GROUP LEADER: … Are you scared?

ERIC: No!

GROUP LEADER: Woah, woah homie. I didn’t mean anything by that. I was scared of getting high the first time, too.

Eric, angry and impulsive, decides to cross the street.

GROUP LEADER: I knew you were chill when I saw ya.

ERIC: How?

GROUP LEADER: … Grass connects us back with the Earth. “We are made of star stuff,” Carl Sagan, y’know? When you’re in the right headspace to listen… our first mama will tell you what you need to hear. I could feel your aura from all the way across the street. I knew you’d be chill… You understand?

ERIC: … Yeah, yeah.

GROUP LEADER: … No, you don’t. I want you to hit this. *Gestures to joint*

ERIC: …

GROUP LEADER: … As much… as little as you want. Just don’t let it burn out, man.

Eric takes his eyes off the group leader to eye the joint. He takes it.

ERIC: Is there anything I need to know?

GROUP LEADER: … That’s not just grass.

ERIC: .. What’s in here?

GROUP LEADER: Mostly grass, but we added a kick. You probably won’t even notice it.

Eric once again takes a moment of uneasiness, and then hits the joint. He coughs his lungs up.

ERIC: *In between coughs* Oh, fuck, god, damn.

Group laughs.

SAM: Those were some virgin lungs. That cherry POPPED!

Group laughs harder

GROUP LEADER: Hey, now! We all had a first hit. *Points at Sam* He’s doing better than your first time, Sam! You puked!

Camera pans to Sam, who’s visibly embarrassed.

Group leader puts his hand on Eric's shoulder, who's fallen down to one knee

GROUP LEADER: Sorry, my guy. You okay?

ERIC: *In between less frequent coughs* Yeah, yeah. It's wearing off.

GROUP LEADER: … Look, we headed back to our buddy's crib. Pull up with us. We'll get you some water.

ERIC: Thanks, but I need to get back to my dorm.

GROUP LEADER: Dorm… like, at a college?

ERIC: Yeah.

GROUP LEADER: I mean, Boulder is, like, I dunno, an hour on the bus that way. I think. Are you lost?

ERIC: Look, thanks for the.. hit, but my dorm is right around the corner. I just need to stop coughing.

GROUP LEADER: … Dawg, I think you're greening too hard right now. You're confused.

ERIC: What're you talking about?

Eric takes his focus off the group leader to study the area. He assumes a concerned expression on his face.

ERIC: … Where am I?

GROUP LEADER: Nowhere near a school.

ERIC: Huh?

GROUP LEADER: Let me take you to my boys house. He's expecting us. We'll figure out where you need to get.

ERIC: Look, I don't need help. I'm right around the corn-

Eric stands up, and the high hits him at once. This isn't a normal high, however. That "kick" was more than anticipated. Eric blinks, and he's walking along with the group. He blinks again, and he's taking another hit with the group leader. He blinks a third time, and snaps out of his dissociative trance. They are on a porch. Group leader opens the door.

Eric steps into the house, and closes the door behind him, as he turns he says:

ERIC: What's your name?-

Group leader and his group are gone. Eric realizes that they'd been expecting because there are already a ton of people there. It's a party. Eric turns to leave, but suddenly gets queasy.

Cut to Eric in the bathroom, flushing the toilet after a puke. Cut to Eric turning the sink off after washing his mouth out. He looks at himself in the mirror.

ERIC: *What was in that thing? This can't be how it's supposed to feel. Something's wrong. Something's gotta be wrong.*

Eric's heart rate continues to climb. A fast paced percussion beat climbs. Eric starts slowly getting a hold of his breath, and the drum beat gets slower. The beat is eventually sparse enough that we can hear Eric's heartbeat again, and it's back to normal. Eric looks back up at the mirror. He's obviously messed up, but looks more confident.

ERIC: *I just gotta get out of here. I can get out of here.*

Eric pokes his head out of the bathroom and then starts to the front door. When he reaches the door, Emy and Ruby walk in. Eric quickly jumps to the side and blends into the dimly lit room and crowd.

EMY: Where's Slime?

Eric acknowledges hearing Slime's name. He turns back toward the door, and looks back at the girls now pushing through the crowd. He follows them. By the time Eric gets through the thick of the crowd, he's lost them. He spots them at the top of the stairs as they turn into the hallway.

Eric quickly ascends the stairs but, when he reaches the top, the girls are gone. All he sees are his closed rooms. He notices one is open at the end of the hall. He approaches. He realizes the lights are on, and hears voices. He confidently enters the door frame of the room only to see no one he knows.

SLIME: **AY**.

The room goes silent.

SLIME: Do I know you?

ERIC: Uhm, no, no. Sorry.

Eric attempts to turn and leave.

SLIME: Ballcap.

Eric reluctantly turns and stares back.

SLIME: There's a big party downstairs.

Room laughs

ERIC: I lost my-

SLIME: -Why don't you take a seat?

ERIC: … I should-

SLIME: -Close the door.

Eric reluctantly closes the door behind him and walks across the room. Camera from first person to third with fisheye lens as he walks across the room. He finds himself in front of Slime. Slime stands up and sizes him up. Eric laughs.

SLIME: What's funny?

Eric collects himself.

ERIC: Nothing.

SLIME: Nothing?

ERIC: … I'm just really stoned.

Slime stares intensely at him for another moment before cracking a smile.

SLIME: You geekin'?

ERIC: … What does "geeking" feel like?

SLIME: You wanna find out?

ERIC: … Uhm-

Slime slowly lifts his joint to take a hit, and blows it in Eric's face before offering it to him.

SLIME: -What's the matter?

ERIC: Tonight is my first high.

SLIME: How's it going?

ERIC: … Weird.

Slime chuckles.

SLIME: Tell me why you're here.

ERIC: … I'm looking for someone.

SLIME: Who's that?

ERIC: My two fri-

SLIME: -Your friends are gone. Long gone, homie. It's just you and me.

Wide cut, revealing the other side of the room, where a big group is smoking.

SLIME (off screen): And them. rr